

THE INDEPENDENT
The People's Paper
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Telephone 36

PILES
Zam-Buk ends the pain, and stops bleeding. Try it!
All dealers, 50c, box.
Zam-Buk

SMOKE TUCKETTS T&B
MYRTLE CUT
PLUG

PRODUCTION MUST INCREASE. THE CANADA FOOD BOARD SAYS

There has been no call for slackening efforts. The impression seems to prevail that Canada has done well enough in growing grains, and the future is assured, so far as food is concerned. Such is not the case, has not been the case, nor will it be for some time to come. The call is for more and yet more production, and the cry for food is still loud in the ears of Canadians.

The hard work and self sacrifice of Canadians has borne fruit. Great Britain cannot be starved. There is enough to provide for the armies and the civilians until the next crop, but no more. There are no food reserves, as there should be. Indeed, Canada must double its production in 1915. Let that call in. The continent of America has promised and must deliver 15,000,000 tons of food stuffs this coming year. In 1917-18, 10,000,000 tons were

promised and will be delivered. America must produce 50 per cent. more, for the Allies. That's the job before the farmers and citizens of this country. The great crops of grain in the United States in 1915 may not be duplicated next year, and Canada will have to deliver a still greater share.

There are but two ways of securing this total production and conservation. And the greater of these is PRODUCTION.

The manifest duty of the hour is to prepare the land for the coming of the bumper crops in 1915.

PLUG, PLOUGH, PLOUGH. This should be hammered into the consciousness of Canadians NOW.

This country, with a year's experience in tractors, with several hundred more of them available this fall than in 1917, should be able to turn over many million more acres than ever in the history of this country. The more ploughed, the greater will be the production.

The weather is favorable, the

every is available, the necessity of the times demands it. **THEN PLOUGH.** Let the tractors hum for 24 hours a day.

WILLIAM CAMPBELL WILL HOLD AN AUCTION SALE

Mr. William Campbell, living one mile east of Tiptonville, in the Township of Hantsport, will hold an auction sale of farm stock, implements and household furniture, on Wednesday, October 2, 1914, at one o'clock p. m., standard time. There is a splendid lot of cattle and horses, besides a great quantity of implements and some household furniture of good quality. Terms, twelve months. Jas. A. Livingston, Auctioneer. Fred Palmer, Clerk.

Try an Independent Ad.

A Common Way.
"Did you see Jagger and his gang?" "Yes, and he's in a hole."—*London American.*

Undesirable Lot.
He—Will you share my lot?
She—No, I don't like the crop of wild oats on it.—*London Transcript.*

Maybe He Was Right.
Teacher—Write the penmanship lesson of Mr. Goldard Jones.
James Mrs. Hubbard.—*Life.*

Rare Destination.
Tourist—Who's who in this town?
Native—Anybody that's ever been out of it.—*Package.*

A Luscious Metaphor.
"Metaphor," said Mrs. Twickenbury, "were extremely succulent."—*Christian Register.*

When It's Wound.
No matter how fast a clock may run it always winds up at the same place.—*Judge.*

Indefinite.
"I want to take a fly." "Black or sorophane?"—*Baltimore American.*

Proved.
Mr. Snapp—Life is full of contradictions. Mrs. Snapp—And I say it isn't.—*London Transcript.*

His Legacy.
"What did your uncle leave you?" "A stack of bills and my aunt."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

The Dressed Coat.
"Call me what you will," said the notoriously shy man, "but don't call me early."—*Exchange.*

"Via Alga."
The term viaqua comes from "via alga" more wine, which indicates the source from which it was produced.

Located.
"Where is the middle of the dump?" "I suppose it is somewhere near the woman's rocky bed."—*Exchange.*

Pride.
Pride is not a bad thing when it only urges us to hide our own faults, not to hurt others.

Marriage in Legion 1.
The Legionist who marries a girl against the wishes of her parents may be severely punished.

Queen's Old Library.
Queen has a library founded 218 years ago by King William III. in King's chapel.

Of Course Not.
Why is an egg like a duck? Because it is not fit for use until it is broken.—*Exchange.*

Cleaning Time.
Kamama, allowed to remain on the hotel several hours, will clean up and thoroughly.

Scene Street.
Scene street was the first street in New York city paved with cobble stones, except its own.

India.
India has an area of over 1,770,000 square miles and a population of over 310,000,000.

More Appropriate.
"What's that very thin girl's name?" "Lena." "It ought to be 'Lendana'."—*London Telegraph.*

Her Hands Full.
"Poor woman! She has scarcely time to eat and sleep."
"Nonsense! Why, she is rich and has no duties whatever."
"But she tells me she reads all the latest novels."—*Cleveland Leader.*

His View.
While—Paw, are a man and the wife one?
Paw—Yes. They are one too many, my own.

Law—Willie. "Go to bed."—*Christian Register.*

Positive Proof.
"Do you really and truly love me, Whilongbury?"
"Huh! Do you suppose I'd be laughing my head off every night at your father's stale jokes if I didn't love you?"—*Judge.*

Quickly Quenched.
"As I read your hand, I can see the destructive influence of a blond woman in your life."
"There's that." "No coat of arms has been breathing more diabolical."—*London American.*

Rubbed Again.
"My, Chinaman, what you suppose got guy Aladdin did when he rubbed his ring and a palace sprung up?" "He rubbed his temple for he if he wasn't dreaming, a course."—*London Transcript.*

Turned Down.
"Last night I suffered round to old Howitzer's house and asked him for me (singer's) hand."
"Why?"
"Here I introduced back."—*Stratford Age-Herald.*

The Sober Bird.
A sober is not merely a human voice, but is a thalassa bird, which is so aptly named that when attacked by other birds it falls to fight and gives up the job it has caught without resistance.

THE RIGHT THING.
"Of course you know just what you would do in another man's place, but why don't you do the right thing in your own place?"

Seeing is Knowing
The glass oven door and the oven thermometer on the Pandora Range make baking an exact, absolutely controlled operation. You can see precisely how the oven is working—how fast or slow.
For Sale by JAS. A. WRAY
McClary's Pandora Range
London Toronto Montreal Winnipeg Vancouver
St. John, N.B. Hamilton Calgary Edmonton Saskatoon

FUEL SUPPLY FREE
To Municipalities of the Province of Ontario
A view of the hardwood forests in the Algonquin Park
OWING to the seriousness of the fuel situation at the present time, the Government of Ontario would urge upon all the farmers or others who may have wood lots, to assist at this time by making provision for their fuel supply from such lots.
The Government would also draw the attention of the various Municipalities throughout the Province to the necessity of taking some Municipal action to secure fuel supply. To this end the Government has decided to issue to any Municipality in Ontario a permit to cut fire wood in Algonquin Park or from other Crown Lands free of charge. For particulars as to localities, conditions of cutting, etc., apply to
G. H. FERGUSON,
Minister of Lands, Forests and Mines,
Parliament Buildings, Toronto.

BUSINESS CARDS
DENTAL
DR. W. A. BROWNLEE
Dentist
Office—Stephen Block (Second Floor)
Office Hours—9:30 A. M. to 4 P. M.
GRIMSBY, ONT.
Dr. J. M. Hughton
Dentist
Office over J. C. Farrells Shoe Store
Phone 215 Electrical Equipment
GRIMSBY ONT.
F. HANSEL, Dentist.
Office and residence, 11 Sherman Ave. South, between King and Main Sts. and two doors north of "The H. O. & H. St. Inn."
Hamilton, Ont.
LEGAL
G. H. MCGONACHIE
Barrister, Solicitor.
Office—Grimsby and Hamilton.
Money to loan at current rates.
Henry Carpenter
Barrister, Solicitor, Notary Public
45 Federal Life Building, Hamilton
Phone 74.
LAWYER & LAGIER, BARRISTERS,
Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Money to loan at lowest rates. Office, "The Independent," Hamilton.
E. F. Lawler, H. L. Lawler.
AUCTIONEER
JAS. A. LIVINGSTON, Auctioneer and Valuator
Grimsby, Ontario.
LAND SURVEYOR
McKay, McKay & Webster
DOMINION LAND SURVEYORS
ONTARIO LAND SURVEYORS
CIVIL ENGINEERS
James J. McKay Ernest G. McKay
William G. Webster
Telephone 4755
607 Bank of Hamilton Chambers
HAMILTON, ONT.
MEDICAL
Dr. R. A. Alexander
Physician and Surgeon
Toronto, County Lincoln
Office Hours: 9 to 10 a.m., 1 to 3 p.m., 7 to 8 p.m.
Main Street West,
Phone No. 3, Grimsby.
MISCELLANEOUS
MONEY TO LOAN
On real estate, private and Company I trade
W. B. CALDER
Valuator for The Hamilton Provident and Loan Society
Insurance and Real Estate
Office—Main Street, Grimsby
PHONE NO. 7

Build up the Mighty National Force



FOR fifty years the Teutons

disciplined, whipped, into servile cogs of an implacable military machine, by which is maintained the Prussian doctrine of might, and the Kaiser's autocracy. The Teutons deny themselves, they make sacrifices, because they are trained or forced to do so, but they do it.

The peoples of the Allied nations must make great sacrifices and tremendous efforts in order to defeat the enemies of freedom, but because they are free peoples it is left largely to the individual to say what or how much self-denial each will practice.

So if freedom is to prevail individuals must make voluntary sacrifices which in the aggregate will be greater than the forced sacrifices of the enemies of freedom.

THE measure of your love of freedom is your willingness to deny yourself so that the strength of the nation for war effort will be increased.

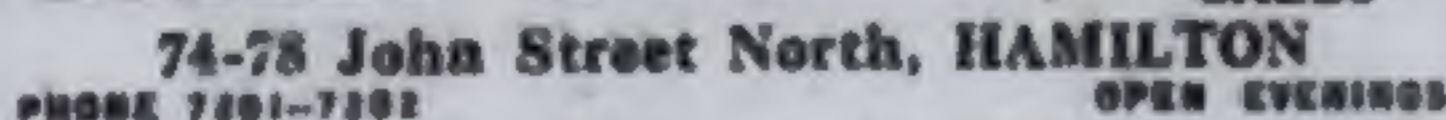
This self-denial must take the form of money-saving—thrift. Each person knows in what way he or she may save.

The national need says you must save, but free Canada leaves it to you to say by what means and to what extent you will save.

NOW, it is for you, each of us, everyone of us to say how much patriotic endeavor, how much loyal sacrifice we will make by saving our money, by "doing without" so that each day will see a surplus to add to our own and the nation's strength. No matter how small the surplus it is important because each saving is an effort made, and many small individual efforts make the national force.

Grimsby

GRIMSBY, ONT.

President, Hickock, F. O.

MORGAN-DEAN, HARRIS & CO.

R. W. Heatty, K.C.,

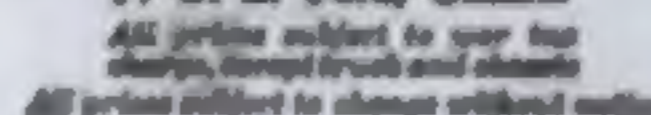
Shipping and Smelting Company of Trail, B.C., he is particularly interested now in mining development.

Mr Edmund Coker is also a citizen of Toronto. As president of the Dominion Bank and head of one of the most powerful brokerage firms in Canada, his financial advice is of great value to the C. P. R.

Mr Augustine Nanton came to Winnipeg in 1881 and remained there to become the leading financial authority in the West. Like Mr Herbert Holt, he has taken a strong interest in the Canadian Patriotic Fund.

Mr. R. W. Donley, K.C., in addition to being a director, is also the highest resident of the railway.

The advent of so distinguished a party of visitors naturally created great interest at the clubs where the special train made a stop. The literary selected then enabled these directors to see not only the country traversed by the Main Line of the C. P. R., but also the more northern areas of the three Prairie Provinces. In this way they have obtained comprehensive idea of trap conditions in Canada's great West—conditions which are at the whole very satisfactory in spite of rather unfavorable climatic conditions in some summer.



Close to handle. Sold by all Drug
ists, Grocers and General Stores

*Phone 313 ring 2, 313 ring 2

**CARPETS CLEANED
UPHOLSTERING**
Write or Phone 8078
F. HARVEY
79 Lincoln St., Hamilton

*Eat less
Bread*

LOCAL ITEMS

of interest in and
around GRIMSBY

We try to give a correct list of casualties from this district, each week, but some are bound to escape us. If any of your friends or relatives are reported killed or wounded, please call us up and give us the particulars and we will see that your friends are notified through the columns of the INDEPENDENT, Phone 34.

You can take no more enjoyable or beneficial exercise than dancing, and this you can do on each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening in the new GRIMSBY Dancing Academy.

The "shiftings" at Moore's Theatre are "Paramount" productions. And "Paramount" productions are ALWAYS good.

Moore's Movies are still maintaining their high standard and you can spend no more enjoyable evenings than to attend them—Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings.

Watch the "War Veterans' Corner" in this and all succeeding issues for items of interest relative to the local branch of the Great War Veterans' Association of Canada.

Capt. and Mrs. W. W. Kidd have received word from the Matron of the Hospital in which their son, Lieut. Ronald Hope Kidd, M. C., R. F. A., is at present, that although Lieut. Kidd is still seriously ill, it is not a matter for worry, as he is improving rapidly. The War Office weekly cable to Lieut. Kidd's parents give the same news.

For Sale—Louis style 28 Hobbins Mahogany Player Piano and many music rolls must be sacrificed. Address to E. L. Latta, 23 Margaret St., Hamilton, Phone 3494.

Lost—Between GRIMSBY Beach and Hamilton, a lady's brown winter coat, a gentleman's overcoat and a green knapsack. Suitable reward. Address P. B. Waugh, G. T. R. Freight Office, corner of Ferguson and Barton Sts., Hamilton.

Prof. V. W. Jackson, who has been sejourning for some time this summer, left for Winnipeg, on the urgent demand of the Federal Government.

GRIMSBY is to have a new place of exercise and amusement, in the GRIMSBY Dancing Academy (Bouting's Hall), which will open to-morrow (Thursday) night.

For Sale—A few hives of bees, in good condition. Apply J. W. Harwick, Stop 115 Cor. Stone Rd. and Nelson Ave.

For Rent—The residence of the late Mrs. E. M. Alexander, on Main St., West, 2 rooms, electric light, Municipal water, garden. Apply to Dr. Alexander.

FRUIT GROWERS—Ship your fruit to J. D. McGregor, Ottawa, the old reliable commission house, good steady prices. Sales reports each day. Cheques on your local bank each Monday. For full particulars, daily prices and rubber stamps, call at the office of D. E. Swayze, agent, GRIMSBY.

Dr. Wm. E. Cruickshank

M. B. (5 years), L. R. C. P. & S. (Edin.), L. R. F. P. & S. (Glas.)

Successor to the late Dr. Jamieson.

Office and Residence Main St., near Robinson.

Phone 245

Grimby

HEAR

that new song on a Victor Record. Buy list containing the new hits, out the first of each month.

Everyone is whistling.

"Oh! How I Hate to get up in the Morning."—No. 1449.

"There's a Lump of Sugar Down in Dixie."—No. 1448.

(The same old price \$99)

VERNON TUCK
JEWELER AND OPTOMETRIST
GRIMSBY
Agency "His Master's Voice"

ESTABLISHED 1872

BANK OF HAMILTON

THE price of everything you buy is high. But so is the price of everything you sell. Now is the time to do with unnecessary things. The money saved now will buy more when prices again become normal.

GRIMSBY BRANCH
F. W. Pollock.

I have a few very nice new potatoes for sale in eleven quart baskets, also Red Astrachan apples, (very fine for apple sauce) in eleven and six quart baskets. Jan. A. Livingston, GRIMSBY.

For Sale—About fifteen yards of Brussels carpet in fair condition. Apply to Phone 379.

For Sale—Hose and harness, cheap. Apply to Geo. Wilson, Park Road, GRIMSBY Beach.

For Sale—A few large Silver King Onions. Also I am prepared to take orders for Red Weatherford Onions, Carrots and Beets for winter storing. Chas. Durham, Phone 43, GRIMSBY.

Lost—A child's brooch, in the form of a 25 cent piece with the word "Donald" engraved on it. Lost in GRIMSBY on Sept. 14. Finder kindly return to Mrs. J. B. Martlett, GRIMSBY.

For Sale—A high grade Holstein cow, 4 years old, fresh milk. Apply to H. H. Montgomery, North GRIMSBY.

There will be a meeting of the Canadian Aviation Aid Club on Monday night Sept. 28th, 1942, in the GRIMSBY Club Rooms, at 7.30 p. m.

Mr. J. G. Whitaker, formerly of Winona and GRIMSBY in receiving his subscription to the INDEPENDENT, writes that he is still laid up from injuries received in a run-away accident in July.

For Sale—A desirable farm, comprising 40 acres, 2 miles west of GRIMSBY Village. Advantages terms to purchaser. Apply to Mrs. L. Hagar, GRIMSBY.

For Sale—A one-horse dray and a cutter, both in good condition. Will sell cheap or trade for wood or chicken feed. Apply to A. R. Leland, Phone 54, GRIMSBY.

Wanted—To hire by the month, a piano; will pay four dollars per month and cartage. Apply to Mrs. A. D. Broughton, Livingston Ave., GRIMSBY.

Wanted—Two grape pickers, first house west of stop 121. Will pay car fare. D. Nollan, North GRIMSBY.

For Sale—Seven thoroughbred White Leghorn chickens. Apply to Mr. M. H. Miller, Depot St., GRIMSBY.

A shipment of canned coal expected in a few days. Place your order now and have it delivered direct from the car at the lowest price. J. W. Eaton & Son.

The new Star and Spangled music supplied by McCoy & Parrow in their GRIMSBY Dancing Academy (Bouting's Hall), which opens on Thursday evening, September 23, 1942, will appeal to all who enjoy "tripping the light fantastic toe." And it may be done each Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday evening.

The many friends of Messrs. Lyle E. and Gordon H. Mills, will be pleased to learn L. E. has been promoted to the position of Manager of the Cochran Hardware Co., at Sudbury, and Gordon takes L. E. place in Copper Cliff, with the same company.

Mr. A. L. Malcolm, R. A. Sc. of Healey Falls and Mrs. Malcolm and two children are visiting Mrs. Malcolm's aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Mills, Ontario St.

Notice—The Grimsby Fruit Growers Limited, operating the Bell Canning Factory, are now prepared to take in all Tomatoes offered. Call up 366 if you have any to offer.

For Sale—Cottage and corner lot in Fruit, at Winona. Box 515 B., GRIMSBY INDEPENDENT.

For Sale—A sheep skin lined heavy canvas coat with heavy fleece collar. Is the same as the British Army issue to Service Corps men for winter wear and is in perfect condition. Can be seen by applying to Phone 379, GRIMSBY.

Removal Notice—Mr. Rouse (Globe Optical) Hamilton, Optician, doing business over 17 years at 111 King East has removed to 63 King East, 4 doors west of the Post Office.

Electrical Light and Power wiring—Let me give you an estimate on your electrical work, orders promptly attended to. E. F. Russell, Phone 311, GRIMSBY.

Wanted—To rent or purchase a farm, 25 to 50 acres, good soil, best class land. Give particulars. A. C. McRae, St. Marys, Ont.

On account of wet weather the Dunville Fair was declared off. The races and live stock part of the show will be carried out on Saturday October 31st. A Free For All race, a 2:25, a 2:30 and a running race constitute the program.

Wanted—To buy five fresh milk cows. Apply to Jan. A. Livingston, Agent for purchase, GRIMSBY.

For Sale—Irish Setter pup, male, 3.50, female \$2.00. Apply to Harry Smith, Vinemount.

The ladies are now busy preparing Christmas boxes for the Overseas and although they have most of the names of the GRIMSBY boys they have not yet got their husbands. People who have friends overseas should send their names and numbers to Mrs. G. C. Poirer or Miss Woolverton.

For Sale—Young pig, improved Yorkshire. Apply to Stanley Chapman, Vinemount, Phone 45 West 1. Winona.

R. O. H.—All boys wishing to receive the Government Medal for large months service on the farm must send in their name before Oct. 1st to Rev. L. H. Curry, R. O. Supervisor.

Phone 34, GRIMSBY, no soon as you receive word that your relatives, if any, have been wounded or otherwise, in order that a complete list of casualties may be published each week in this paper.

Mrs. J. P. Schroeder and two sons, who have spent the past three months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Coulson, has returned to her home in Olds, Alberta, accompanied by her sister, Miss Ruby Coulson.

For quick sale, Mountain Dining room set; also Mission hall set, mirror, umbrella stand and writing desk, mahogany table and two chairs, oak dressing table and wash stand, kitchen cabinet, electric mahogany gramophone, and two rugs. Apply to Mrs. Crawford, Mountain Street, GRIMSBY.

To Rent—A house on Main St., West, electric light, city water, etc. Low rent for winter months. Apply to D. H. Swayze, GRIMSBY.

Wanted—A housewife, also a boy 14 or 15 years old to work in factory, steady job as good wages. Apply to H. M. Parrell & Sons, GRIMSBY.

On account of the difficulty of getting emblem buttons, the Committee appointed, to canvass for members for the Navy League have not started to work yet, but will be out in a few days. They intend to canvass the Village and Township for membership.

Notice to Fruit Growers—James Stevens, Jr., Brampton, is again appointed Agent for Bruce Brothers Nursery Company. I am now ready to take orders for nursery stock, shrubs and roses, for fall and spring planting. If I don't get to your place, call me up by phone 5142, Brampton and I will send to your wants at once. James Stevens, Jr.

We in Canada are now faced with two conditions, both of them facing us with serious aspects. Clothing is scarce and rapidly becoming very dear. Three large boats containing hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of English woollens for Canada, were sunk by submarines in last month. We, despite the great shortage in woollens are still in a position to sell you clothing at reasonable prices and still give good substantial goods that will not assume that "cottony" look after a few weeks wear. We have ready-made suits from \$14.00 up to \$30.00 and make up suits to order from \$18.00 to \$45.00. We manufacture our own goods and can positively save you money on any clothing you may intend to buy. We would also advise that the sooner you buy the better, as the movement is better now, and prices lower than they will be later on. Answering you of our best services at all times. Parrar Clothing Manufacturer, 5 Market Square, Hamilton. We give premium tickets.

GRIMSBY RAILWAY
Mrs. R. Asquith of GRIMSBY East, who has been ill for some weeks, and under Dr. Stallwood and Nurse Beamer's care, is improving very nicely and likely soon to be around amongst her friends again, who will be pleased to see her.

GRIMSBY Beach, these stormy days, looks like a deserted village of France. Its former life and gaiety has faded away like the beautiful rose of Summer.
Miss Florence Greenwood of Winnipeg, has been spending a few

pleasant days at her grandfather's, Mr. A. Greenwood, Park Ave. left yesterday for Oshawa, Ontario.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Tweedie of Brighton, Ont., are spending a little time at Mr. A. Greenwood's, their uncle. They motored up last week, calling for a short time and then went on to Niagara Falls, N. Y., thence on to Rochester and spent a very pleasant time at both cities.

IT GOES THE PRICE OF NEWS-PRINT AGAIN
It has been announced through the daily papers that the price of newspaper print will be boosted again, to-day. It is feared that the price will be raised so as to put many newspapers in the West out of business.

His concerns in the United States have been trying to buy the entire output of some Canadian paper mills. If this was allowed to be done, it would put many Canadian newspapers out of business. Not only would the price of paper become prohibitive, but it would be impossible to get it.

NOTICE—Parties wishing to advertise in the local columns of the GRIMSBY INDEPENDENT, such as "For sale, wanted, to rent, lost, found, etc." will please take notice that advertisements handed into the office accompanied by cash, will be twenty-five cents and advertisements telephoned in will be thirty-five cents, unless paid into the office by postal note or cash within ten days. It costs five cents to send out reader accounts once or twice if an account for a twenty-five cent advertisement and if we have to simply cut the profit off with cash or pay the extra price. THE INDEPENDENT GRIMSBY.

THE VANKERS NEAR BUSINESS
The following advertisement is copied from a page advertisement to the Cleveland Plain Dealer. It is one of a series of page advertisements being run in the newspapers by the Industrial and Patriotic Committee.—It hits from the shoulder.

Good Night, Mr. Hindenburg
"In Germany before they used to think you were crazy."
"We admit it."
"We can say the same for the Kaiser and the Chinese Crown Prince and the whole Pan-Germans crew."
"The slaughter of babies, the ravishing of women, the wanton ruin of towns and cities, the apathetic devastation of country-side and farms are only the work of men gone mad."
"The German people stand for their own crew, Mr. Hindenburg. You have already cost them a pretty penny and it may be their eyes will be opened—but we doubt it."
"We think that real understanding will come to Germany only at the point of a bayonet."
"We are not taking any chances with you, Mr. Hindenburg. We are going to work our factories and mills twenty-four hours every day with full forces; we are going to offer our last dollar to the government; we are going to conserve food and labor and material until you are out of business."
"We are not going to forget that the snake will bite even after its head is cut off."
"Every blow struck on the West front is reinforced by the strong arms of the men and women back here in Cleveland."
"Already you are again beginning your whine for peace. You can have it—yes, when the day comes that a pack of mad men like you and your gang can make this world a charnel house and place of horrors no more forever. GOOD NIGHT, MR. HINDENBURG."

THE CARE AND PREPARATION OF THE FARM BUILDINGS FOR THE HOUSING OF LIVE STOCK FOR THE WINTER MONTHS
This is the season of the year when every farmer should be considering the putting of his farm buildings in the best shape possible for the winter housing of his live stock, that is (1) in regard to cleanliness, (2) light, (3) ventilation, (4) warmth.
First, the farmer should see that all dirt and cobwebs that may have accumulated through the summer are swept down and a good coat of white-wash applied with a certain amount of a disinfectant, such as is used on all farms added to the white-wash, in order to eliminate as much as possible any disease which may be present.
Second—See that there are as many windows as possible in the buildings and that the glass is tight in all of them and that there is better preventive of disease, than plenty of light. If it is not possible to have double windows for all your stables be sure to use what you have of windows on the north side in order to conserve heat.
Third—Ventilation is one of the most important things in the stock industry, and unfortunately, one that there is not enough stress laid upon, for without proper ventilation it is practically impossible to get the good, healthy development and benefit from feed consumed that we should have in our live stock.
Fourth—It is also very important to see that all boarding is tightly nailed down and all cracks closed in order to keep as uniform a temperature as possible and prevent drafts which are very detrimental to our live stock at certain times.
The Experimental Farm system is based at all times to forward bulletin on farm buildings, ventilation, etc., also answer questions and help prepare plans of such buildings as may be required on your farms.

P. and H. S.
TEXT BOOKS
NOTE BOOKS
and
SCRIBBLERS
Special Value 5 and 10c
MAPS, GLOBES
and all other
SCHOOL SUPPLIES
at
LOWEST
CLOKE & SON
16 West King St.
Hamilton

The A. F. Hawke Company

The Economic Store, GRIMSBY, ONT.

Into the Thoughts of Every Woman Comes an Intense Desire to be Garbed in the New Fall Fashions

INDIVIDUALITY

As applied to the Millinery at this store

Our showing is decidedly attractive, including many smart styles in Helmet, Calmoukage and the chic close-fitting, pretty soft effects, fashioned in FRENCH LYONS VELVET and HATTER'S PLUSH with corded ribbon band and bow, shown in shades of black, navy, taupe, pink, blue, purple and silver....

\$6.50 to \$11.50

The smart tailored hat has a charm for the one who likes to be well tailored and present fashions are featuring them more than ever

\$5.00 to \$7.50

The soft, fuzzy NEW VELOUR HATS, etc.,

\$9.00 to \$15.00

Suits and Ladies Overcoats

Presenting the modes for the forthcoming season

LADIES' SUITS IN EXTRA FINE, tailored styles. Fancy plush collars, belt and button trimmed, plain and figured satin and poplin linings; colors Black, Navy, Kelly Green and Nigger. Specially priced

\$32.50 to \$35.00

MIDNIGHT AND SMALL LADIES' COATS, in plain grey and fancy weave worst blanket cloth, the Falls most newest style....

\$15.00 to \$27.75

Ladies' mantles in Beaver Cloth, Blanket Cloth, Velours and Broad Cloths, fashionably trimmed in black, taupe, navy and purple. Hanging in price....

\$29.50 to \$48.50

THE SALE'S REAL FLORENCE COAT, Distinct in style and quality. The most popular coat of the season....

\$47.00



You can always
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70% Pure White Lead
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W. H. CALDER, Valuator, General.
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SMOKE TACKETTS ORINOCO

(Continued from last week)

"Oh, certainly."

"With or without me?"

"Yes."

"Why couldn't you have said so at first and saved this discussion?" cried his host. "Of course if you're in for it, so am I. But what about your reputation?"

"It's worth a good deal to me," continued the scientist. "And I can't deny I'm staking it all on my theory of this case. If I'm wrong—well, it's about the end of my career."

"Now here, Chet," broke out his friend. "Do you think I'm going to let you take that kind of a chance for me?"

"It isn't for you," declared the other with irritation. "It's for myself. Can't you understand that this is my case? Do you care to run over to the library? No? Well, for the rest of the evening I can be found—no, I cannot be found, though I'll be there—in room 271."

"All right," said Hedgwick. "You couldn't fear any further intrusion. But when is your venture?"

"Tomorrow night," replied Kent. "Wilfrid Blair having officially died, as per specifications, today."

Two days a tradition rather than a prospect in Sundayman's creek. Some, indeed, consider this a myth. Hope springs eternal in the human breast, however, and a fisherman, duly equipped, might have been observed fishing the upper reaches of the stream on the morning of July 16. Although the rod and tackle were of the best, his capture was rough, and, to say the least, an old slouch hat was drawn down over his forehead and staring blue glasses sheltered his eyes against the sun, which was sufficiently obscured for most tastes by a blanket of gray cloud, promising rain.

The rumble of a vehicle attracted his attention, and he looked up to observe, with curiosity, a carriage full of strangers pass across the bridge. The stranger looked away again and, not to continue his hopeful progress toward the pond. Not until he had pondered the corpse did he pause for rest. He was waiting for the funeral service of Wilfrid, Blair.

Notion in the Boston and New York papers had formally designated the burial as "Private." That, invariable said, Lawyer Adam Hale, who seemed to have his fingers on the pulse of all the country's activities, had informed Kent that telegraphic summonses had gone out to a few near relatives and that the relatives, together with a carpenter, were expected that morning. "For a palatial four longer Kent's meeting place, explored unresponsive nooks and corners. At the end of that time he sighted a figure coming from a corner of a room. The figure brought out clearly the features of Alexander Blair, not, when and pale. Blair walked, swiftly to the window looking where by Captain Hale and his unnamed victims, looked down into the raw ditch excavation and turned away. Another man, coming from the house, joined him. From his gestures Alexander Blair seemed to be explaining and, disengaging. Plainly both returned to the house.

"Handling the whole business himself," commented Kent. "I like his courage anyway."

Half an hour afterwards the little funeral procession moved from the house. There was no hearse. The men carried the coffin. They were all



He Could Hear the Faint Murmur of the Water.

strong to Kent, and their chief a more obvious testimony of city life. Half a dozen other men and three women heavily veiled followed. Kent thrust his head into the crowd and thrust his head again. By the time the group had begun the service Kent was close to the "contracting" fence. He could hear the faint, distant murmur of the water. Then came the lowering of the coffin. The entire crowd of the black and silver spectators of it and thought of the angry crowd in the water he could see. And as he by the water he could see a little, green, very small. It was over now. The black and group drifted away. One member passed to glance with curiosity at the roughly clad stranger making his way up stream, for Kent judged it wise to about himself now, following the

rest of one heavier and than the mourners, whose attitude did not desire to tempt. Shortly after the coffin was lowered into the water. He had been picked up in the car, brought to the shore of Sundayman's creek and "taken away again, carrying the mourners to their train. He still then did Kent long up his side and take the road.

No sooner had he reached the hotel and changed into dry clothes than he made haste to the bank and the old-fashioned Hedgwick. "Now I'm you, man for that tennis match."

Kent played as he worked, with concentration and tenacity, taking up technical skill. Against his opponent Hedgwick's characteristic was unrelenting. The contest was not so uneven but both were awaiting hard as at the conclusion of the third set they caught a breathing space on the terrace back of the court.

"That's certainly a good nerve-aid," said the artist, breathing and, "and not such rotten tennis for two and fifteen of better days than our belief."

"Not so bad by any means," growled his opponent cheerfully. "If you had stuck to hitting I think you'd have had me to the second set. Under how our spectator enjoyed it? He did, lowering his voice. "Don't be afraid about it, but just take a look at that blue rope on the cross of the ball."

"Can't see any use there," said Hedgwick.

"No more can I. Look at the ball on that ground, will you? You can see for yourself it's trying to impart some information."

"I see a greenish-grey shadow. It's a sign of some nervousness. But greenish-grey shadows are always deadly."

"This particular one has redness to it. See how a net in that blue patch. A few minutes ago she was toward it with a worm in her mouth, and she dropped the worm and came out in a great state of mind. I judge there is some interest near her home."

"Any more who it is?"

"Why, it might be through Jim," replied Kent in a hoarse voice. "Though it's rather stupid of him to pick out a bird hatched from a bird's nest."

"The blue rope, about a little, and Gansett Jim come forth."

"He went to Carr's Junction," said the half-breed curly.

"You found his trail?" asked Kent.

"The other o'clock. This morning," he said.

"Found anything else?"

"No. I kill him if I get him!" He turned and vanished over the rise of ground back of the court.

"Now what does that mean?" demanded Hedgwick in amazement.

"That is Gansett Jim's apology for suspecting you," explained Kent. "It's our only way, and this is his first experience. What a marvelous thing the building strain in a race! He only has a faint idea of what he's doing."

"The bird of the real Southern?"

Kent shook his head. "You're just guessing, with delusive evidence," he replied. "Let me see your tape today."

Hedgwick studied the evidence that the artist produced for him, he looked at it, and said, "Don't let it be, then, he said. "As I thought, Hedgwick, I'm off for two or three days of travel. If you get through this night without disaster."

CHAPTER XIV.

Dipping.

NIGHT came on in dark and mist. As the clouds gathered thicker, Chester Kent's face took on a more and more unattractive expression. Hedgwick on the contrary, glowed softly at the suspense. From time to time Kent thrust a hand out of the window, shortly after midnight there was a splutter of rain on the roof.

"The time has come for action," said Kent. "Be thankful. Get on your coat."

Hedgwick brightened at once. "Right," he said. "Get your lamps lit and I'll be with you."

"No lights. There is a deep, dark, damp, dripping, dim, novel thing. Get a candle and a pitch. If you haven't a pitch, two candles will do in fact, they'll be better."

Hedgwick's heart froze. He wished the wet wall of Sundayman's boring ground, heaped above a loose bed of pine logs.

"Good God! it is that!" he cried. "He went out into the rain, presently returning with the candle. Kent took them out and disappeared into the car."

"He is," he cried.

"If we had to do this, Kent," said Hedgwick, "understand in his hat, by heaven we'd die!"

The other turned to the pitch. "You're on a wrong track, he said. "It couldn't be done here."

"Well, it can't be done here," said the artist to sudden sharp calling. "Annoying boring ground is what I want. Lawyer Hale said as much. Let you remember? He said it was the house next door to the one where the man was buried, who was buried in his night in his window of the ground."

The car shot forward. "It is the pitch," he said.

"Isn't it enough?"

"Hardly. We're not going to miles of Sundayman's."

"Then we'll go to the house next door to the one where the man was buried, who was buried in his night in his window of the ground."

"Where?"

"In a private burying ground on the Blair estate."

"Wilfrid Blair's grave? When was the funeral?"

"This morning. I was among those present, though I don't think my name will be mentioned in the paper."

"Why should you have been there?"

"Oh, set it down to vulgar curiosity," said Kent.

"Probably you'd say the same if I asked you the motive for this present expedition. I suppose you fully appreciate the chance we are taking?"

"Didn't I tell you that it was rather more than a life and death risk?"

Something cold touched Hedgwick's hand in the darkness. His fingers closed around a flask. "No, so I'll courage for me. Where is this place?"

"On Sundayman's creek, some fourteen miles from the Hook on the motor-car line."

"Fourteen miles!" repeated Hedgwick, musingly, following a trail of thought that suddenly glowed, a beacon light of hope. "And these Blair have some connection with the dead woman of the Corn, the woman who was her lover?"

His fingers gripped and sank into Kent's hand. "That, for the love of heaven tell me! Is she one of those Blair?"

"No, no, no, no, no," returned the other sturdily. "You're not to see, it's this—under orders till the night. It is done."

There was silence for nearly half an hour, while the car slipped, ghostlike, along the wet roadway. Presently it turned aside and stopped.

"Footlock now," said Kent. "Take the lamps and follow."

He himself, leading the way, carried a coil of rope on his shoulder. For what Hedgwick required to be half a mile they walked across sodden meadows, until the whisper of rain upon water came to his ears.

"Keep close," directed his guide and proceeded down a steep bank.

The stream was now forced, emerging on the farther side they scrambled up the other bank into a thicker darkness, where Hedgwick, colliding with a gnarled tree trunk, stood for a moment waiting. A ray of light appeared.

It came to a rest upon a fresh patch of earth, all pebbly and yellow in the rain, and abruptly died.

"Too dangerous to see the lantern," murmured Kent. "Take the car and dig."

Both men, fortunately, were in black training. The heavy rain fell steadily but fast. How they were blind. Kent in a low voice told the latter to follow.

"Mustn't wear ourselves out at the start," he said. "Take five minutes rest."

At the end of three minutes Hedgwick was groping for his lamp. "I've got to go on, Chet," he stated. "The lights and lanterns are too much for me."

"It's just as well," observed his companion. "The clouds are breaking. Watch them. And some one might possibly be up and about in the house. Go to it!"

This time there was no respite until, with a third which ran up his arm to his heart, Kent's foot struck upon wood. Both men stood from deep attitudes of attention. No sound came from the house.

"Easy now," warned Kent, after he had laid it into a coil. "I thought that Jim dogger then that. Spade it out gently. And feel for the handle."

"I've got one," whispered Hedgwick. "Climb out, then, and pass me down the rope."

As Hedgwick passed the earth's level the moon, sailing from behind a cloud, poured a flood of radiance between the tree trunks. Kent's face, as he raised it from the grave, stretching out his hand for the cord, was ghastly, but his lips smiled encouragement.

"All right! One minute, now, and we're safe."

"Safe," repeated the other. "With that spaded grave! I shall never feel safe again."

From between the earthen walls Kent's voice came, muffled. "Safe as a church," he asserted, "from the minute that we have the coffin. Take this end of the rope. Get it? Now this one. It's fast fore and aft. Here I come."

With a leap he clambered out of the excavation. He took one end of the rope from Hedgwick's hand. "All ready to hand?" he inquired in matter of fact tone.

"Yes. What are we going to do with this thing?" demanded his companion. "We can't see it to the car."

A low chuckle now and then, the shrill cry of a crow. The room-temperature stood, or crept.

"An owl," whispered Hedgwick at length.

"No," replied Kent in the same tone. "Then it's a fox, and with wild eyes, man!"

Up came the heavy canvas, lurching and grating. Kent through the rope Hedgwick fell with a thud the falling of the hollow hollow body within. With a powerful effort Kent swung the end up on the second. The lantern shined. By its gleam Hedgwick saw Kent striving to force his legs aside under the coffin lid to pry it loose. The chuckle sounded again.

"That's enough," said a heavy voice with a suggestion of mirthful appreciation.

Harold Lee Schlager stepped from behind a tree. He held a revolver on Kent. Hedgwick made a swift motion and the muzzle swung accurately on him.

"Steady, Frank," warned Kent suddenly.

"I'm steady enough," returned the other. "What a fool I was not to bring a gun!"

"Oh, no," contradicted the scientist.

"Of what use is my gun? We're in the dark, and so is the house."

"So you've got a gun on you, eh?" snarled the other, his chuckle disappearing.

"I didn't say so."

"No, but you gave yourself away. Hands up, please. Both of you."

Four hands went up to the air. Kent's face, in the light, was very disconcerted, but from the far corner of his mouth came the faintest ghost of a whistled melody—oil in a minor key. It died away on the night air and the scientific spirit in right French.

"Attention! La rose rouge. Quand le jour est rouge de pluie, l'été est à venir."

"L'été! A trick win. When I kick him, strike him to the ground."

"What's that gibberish?" demanded Schlager.

"Very well," said Hedgwick quickly, in the tone of one who accepts instruction. "I'll be still enough. Go ahead and do the talking."

"Better both keep still," advised the scientist. "Anything you say can be used against you at the trial. And the penalty for body snatching is twenty years in this state."

"Yes, but what constitutes body snatching?" murmured Kent.

"You do, I guess," returned the hoarse voice. "Steady with those hands. Which pocket, please, professor?"

"Right" held out if you want my money," answered the scientist calmly.

"Nothing like that," laughed the other. "Your gun will do at present."

"I haven't got any gun."

"I hear you say so. Remember, when I point at your stomach."

"Correct," added Hedgwick, quickly shifting his weight to his left foot. "It's the best of human courage. Well, as Schlager tapped pocket after pocket without result, "You can't say I didn't warn you. Now, Frank!"

With a word there was a sharp tap on the heel of Kent's heavy boot. Lying on it, the stick of the gun, driving, caught the shoulder full on the wrist, breaking the bones and sending the revolver flying into the darkness. As instantly Hedgwick struck, springing full armed, and the gun went down, half buried.

"Tie him, Frank," ordered Kent in a low tone.

But Hedgwick needed no direction, saw that restraints acted with the order of the moment. His elbow was already pressed into the other's back. Schlager lay still, breathing a little.

"Good work, my boy," approved Kent, who had recovered the revolver. "You didn't let that grinning fellow on me. I didn't see so third finger. And what good is going to do you anyway? There you are, and there's the revolver gone. Disappeared by accident on an officer of the law," he added all too calmly.

"That is right, too, Kent," added Hedgwick, with shaking voice. "Whatever we do, I don't see but what we are diagnosed and ruined."

"Unless," suggested Kent, with mild, cold malice. "We're the victims of the only witness to the affair."

A little gasp issued from the thick lips of Lee Schlager. But he spoke with courage and not without a certain dignity. "You got me," he admitted slowly. "It's a bluff, why, I guess it's as good a way to go as any. An officer mentioned in the discharge of his duty."

"Not to care about the duty, Schlager," said Kent, with a change of tone. "But your life is safe enough in any event. Stay your such a griffin, for you've got your decent pistol. Let him go, Hedgwick."

Released of his antagonist's weight, Schlager undertook to rise, set his hand on the ground and collapsed with a groan.

"The bad about that wrist," said Kent. "I'll take you back in my car to have it looked after as soon as we're finished here."

"I guess you know I'll have to break you, just the same!"

"Don't bluff," returned the other calmly. "It wastes time. Speedy! Here comes the rest of the party."

Across the moonlit lawn moved brilliant, swift figure of the owner of the house. His hand gripped a long-barreled pistol. He made straight for the grave of graves. Within five yards of the willows he stopped, because a voice from behind one of them had suggested to him that he do so.

"I also am armed," the voice added meaningfully.

Hedgwick looked in Mr. Blair's face for a brief moment. Then, with the air of a man who has won, he came on.

"Two men of courage to that with a single light. That's all out of proportion," commanded the voice with a slight laugh. "Mr. Blair, I really should dislike shooting you."

"Who are you?" demanded Mr. Blair. "Chester Kent?"

"What are you doing on my property at this hour?"

"Digging."

"Ah! It was hardly an excavation, was it? It's a criminal conspiracy. Mr. Blair had noted the unusual racket. "You might better have taken my offer," he continued after a pause of some moments. "I think, Mr. Blair, you have dug the grave of your own career."

"That remains to be seen."

"Schlager! Are you there?"

"Yes, Mr. Blair. They've broken my wrist and got my gun."

"Who are they?"

"Francis Hedgwick to the effect, at your service," answered the owner of the house.

An extraordinary confusion of sight distorted the set features of the elderly man.

"You!" he cried. "Haven't you time enough without this?"

CHAPTER XV.

The Turn of the Game.

STRICKEN with amazement at the latest in the case, Hedgwick stood staring. But Kent stopped before the advancing man. "This won't do," he said firmly. "We can't say of an offered killing."

"I can," contradicted Mr. Blair. "You would gain nothing by it. If one of us is killed the other will finish the task. You know what I am here for, Mr. Blair. I purpose to open that coffin and then go."

"No," said the master of Sundayman's house. "And it was twenty years ago since his 'no' had been overruled."

"Yes," returned Chester Kent quickly. "Mr. Blair's arm rose, steady and slow, with the inevitable motion of machinery."

"If you shoot," pointed out Kent, "you will rouse the house. In there are one there from whom you wish to conceal that coffin?"

The arm rose higher until the muzzle of the pistol glared like a halo, but the eyes into Kent's face. In

the arm rose higher until the muzzle of the pistol glared like a halo, but the eyes into Kent's face. In

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DAYS OF FALL FAIRS, 1915

Issued by the Agricultural Section
Branch of the Ontario Department
of Agriculture, Toronto.
J. Leslie Wilson, Supervisor.

Aberfoyle.....	Oct. 1
Abington.....	Oct. 11 & 12
Albion.....	Oct. 3 & 4
Alvinston.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Amherstburg.....	Sept. 29 & Oct. 1
Ashworth.....	Sept. 27
Aylmer.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Bancroft.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Bayville.....	Oct. 1
Benton.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Blenheim.....	Oct. 3 & 4
Bloomfield.....	Sept. 26 & Oct. 1
Bradford.....	Oct. 10 & 11
Bracebridge.....	Sept. 24 & 27
Brinsford.....	Oct. 1
Brinsley.....	Oct. 1
Burk's Falls.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Burford.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Burlington.....	Thanksgiving Day
Calabroon.....	Sept. 27 & 28
Calderdale.....	Oct. 19 & 20
Carp.....	Oct. 24 & 25
Castleton.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Chabon.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Cobourg.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Cochran.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Comber.....	Sept. 27 & 28
Cookstown.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Cookville.....	Oct. 3
Courtland.....	Oct. 3
Demorestville.....	Sept. 26
Dorchester Station.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Drayton.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Dresden.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Dryden.....	Sept. 26
Dunbar.....	Oct. 4
Dundas.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Dunlop.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Dunsmuir.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Embray.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Erin.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Fairground.....	Oct. 1
Fergus.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Ferrisburgh.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Flesherton.....	Sept. 24 & 27
Florence.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Forest.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Fredericton.....	Thanksgiving Day
Georgetown.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Gooderham.....	Oct. 2
Gordon Lake.....	Sept. 27
Gore Bay.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Haliburton.....	Sept. 26
Hallowell.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Harriston.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Hawthorn.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Highgate.....	Oct. 11 & 12
Hymers.....	Sept. 24
Ingersoll.....	Sept. 26 & Oct. 1
Iron Bridge.....	Oct. 1
Jarvis.....	Oct. 1
Kagawong.....	Oct. 4
Kemble.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Kenna.....	Oct. 1
Kilgobbin.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Kirkton.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Lakeridge.....	Sept. 26
Lamington.....	Oct. 13
Leamington.....	Oct. 2-4
Lion's Head.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Madoc.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Manitowish.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Markdale.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Markham.....	Oct. 2-4
Marmora.....	Oct. 1
Massy.....	Oct. 2 & 3
Maxville.....	Sept. 26 & 27
McDonald's Corners.....	Sept. 27
Menford.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Middleville.....	Oct. 4
Millbrook.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Milton.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Millerton.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Mount Brydges.....	Oct. 4
Munster.....	Sept. 24
Murillo.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Newmarket.....	Sept. 25-27
Niagara-on-the-Lake.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Norwood.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Odessa.....	Oct. 4
Onawa.....	Oct. 2-4
Orono.....	Sept. 26-28
Ottawa.....	Sept. 24 & 27
Ottaville.....	Sept. 24 & 27
Paris.....	Sept. 24 & 27
Port Perry.....	Sept. 24 & 27
Priorville.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Greenfield.....	Oct. 2 & 3
Ridgeway.....	Oct. 7-9
Rocky.....	Oct. 4
Rockton.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Rockwood.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Rodney.....	Sept. 26, Oct. 1
Rosemead.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Sault Ste. Marie.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Shagunda.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Simcoe.....	Oct. 1 & 2
South River.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Sundridge.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Tara.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Tavistock.....	Sept. 26, Oct. 1
Teeswater.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Thamesville.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Therford.....	Sept. 26, Oct. 1
Thessalon.....	Oct. 1
Tiverton.....	Oct. 1
Tweed.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Udora.....	Oct. 1
Underwood.....	Oct. 1
Wainwright.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Wallaceburg.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Warkworth.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Waterford.....	Oct. 1
Waterloo.....	Sept. 27
Waukegan.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Welland.....	Sept. 26, Oct. 1
Wellandport.....	Sept. 26 & 27
Whitby.....	Sept. 26, Oct. 1
Wilketon.....	Sept. 26
Windsor.....	Oct. 1
Wingham.....	Oct. 1 & 2
Wyndham.....	Oct. 10 & 11

NOTICE TO ADVERTISERS

The Independent has been notified by the Canada Food Board at Ottawa that all purveyors of food publishing advertisements in this newspaper must insert the number of their license in each advertisement as follows:

Canada Food Board—License No.
These under license are to be: slaughterers and retail, manufacturers of breakfast foods and cereals, millers, retail butchers, fish dealers, grocers, etc. (wholesale and retail), dealers in (wholesale and retail), bakers (manufacturers and retail), confectioners (wholesale and retail), confectioners and purveyors.

The food board earnestly requests the fullest co-operation of those interested in the observance of this regulation.

AUTUMN CULTIVATION FOR WEED CONTROL

(Experimental Farm Note)

The ploughing of the land in the fall is desirable as a part of the regular work on the farm since it enables the ground to be got into proper condition for sowing the seeds in spring considerably earlier than would otherwise be the case. But it is perhaps of even greater importance as a means of keeping weeds in check. In the case of perennial weeds the more turning up and exposing of the rootstocks to the action of the frost will serve as a considerable check to the weeds in cases where they are not killed outright. Where it is desirable to collect and burn creeping root stocks this can be more readily accomplished where the ground has been pulverized by the frost and snow of winter.

In the case of small annual weeds there are of two classes from the point of view of their life-history. One group requires a resting period before the seeds will germinate and this looks good even if the conditions with regard to moisture and temperature are suitable. These normally germinate in the spring of the following year after they are shed, but in many species the germination can be delayed for several years if the seeds are buried to a considerable depth in the soil. This is true of such species as Wild Oats and Wild Mustard. Each time the surface of the ground is disturbed some of these buried seeds will germinate and if no other seeds are allowed to fall into the soil in the meantime, the ground will eventually become clear of them.

In another group of annual species known as Winter Annuals, the seeds germinate immediately after they are scattered and pass the winter in the form of a small seedling plant which survives under the snow and resumes growth in the following spring. Belonging to this group are the following weeds: Chives, Purple Cockle, Night-Sowering Cichely, Stinkweed, False Flax, Fall Mustard, Wild Radish, Hare's Ear Mustard, Tumbling Mustard, Peppercorn, Worm-seed Mustard, Corn Gromwell, Blue Bor or Stickweed, and Stinking Mayweed. It is in the case of these weeds that autumn cultivation is especially desirable as if they are turned under with the plow and covered sufficiently deeply, very few of them will be able to continue their growth after the snow melts.

FALL PLOWING TO KILL THE CUT WORM

"The destructiveness of the cut worm has not been so evident for years," declares Mr. P. Abraham, Chairman of the Home Gardens and "Acres Lots Section of the Canada Food Board. "An early season to some extent minimized the loss from this pest. The time to attack the cut worm is in the fall. If next year's ravages are to be controlled, the eggs of this worm are laid in the autumn, and if after all eggs are laid, the ground is well broken up or plowed, the larvae will be so deeply buried as to destroy ninety-five per cent of them."

"I strongly advise," he adds, "that every available foot of town land be plowed this fall. During the winter there will be plenty of time to order the planting of it in vegetables, or corn, but get as much fall plowing under way as possible. Little old towns are the only available source of surplus labor, and every ounce of fall will be required."

WHAT IS THRIFT?

Before you can practice a virtue you must know what it is. When we speak of thrifty people we are apt to picture them living on cheap food, in cheap quarters, wearing shabby clothes, having little or no pleasures, and saving every cent possible. But that is not thrift—far from it. Thrift is a greater virtue than the mere saving of money. Don't forget that.

The prudent man looks ahead and gets ready. The frugal man lives carefully and saves conscientiously. The economical man spends judiciously, buys wisely and wastes nothing. The thrifty man works hard and saves hard; but the man of miserly habits; the man who thrifts largely, spends wisely, plans carefully, manages economically, is all of prudence, economy, frugality and industry—and "thrift" is all of them. Thrift is that instinct of the dog that buries the bone he doesn't want for to-morrow's wants; the instinct of the squirrel that knows winter is out of season in winter.

—W. H. Kniffin, Jr.

PAID UP LIST

John H. Lee, Stony Creek, Feb. 1/15
Rert Hummery, Grimsby, Aug. 25/15

Premier Thrives on Trouble

LOYD GEORGE'S "crisis business," as Harry Lauder might call it, is surely a habit, but his ability to triumph in crisis is just as surely a gift. Trouble appears to be the daily food of the particular kind of human nature that is manifested in the British Prime Minister and after each storm he is stronger than before. Imminent peril is a refreshing beverage to him, and deprived of his natural sustenance, he might well peak and pine like the Eskimos divorced from their easy icebergs and their soothing polar seas. So far Lloyd George has most wonderfully triumphed over all the crises that have beset his political career. It is true that there is another crisis pending. That is the Irish question. It has been raised in new and ominous form by Lloyd George, but up to date he has not grappled with it, and there is a possibility that it may wreck his Government. Should he survive the Irish question with his good faith and his patriotism unimpaired it may well be said that the man is the master of crisis, and that his career has been hardly paralleled in modern political history.

The official record in the New York Times announces that since the beginning of the war Lloyd George has encountered no fewer than six crises of the first order, any one of which might have led to the downfall of a Minister who lacked the fighting spirit of David Lloyd George. The first was the financial crisis. The war placed upon him a gigantic burden, the greatest that any Chancellor had had to face up to that time. It was necessary to raise unprecedented sums of money in an unprecedentedly short space of time. Lloyd George grappled instantly with the problem, and introduced schemes for raising money which at any other time would have brought about a rebellion and perhaps a revolution. But there was no protest. There was only applause. Conservative financiers, to whom the name of Lloyd George before he was war was the name of Trotsky now, were enthusiastic in their congratulations. The first war budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer indicated that as a war statesman he would not be found wanting.

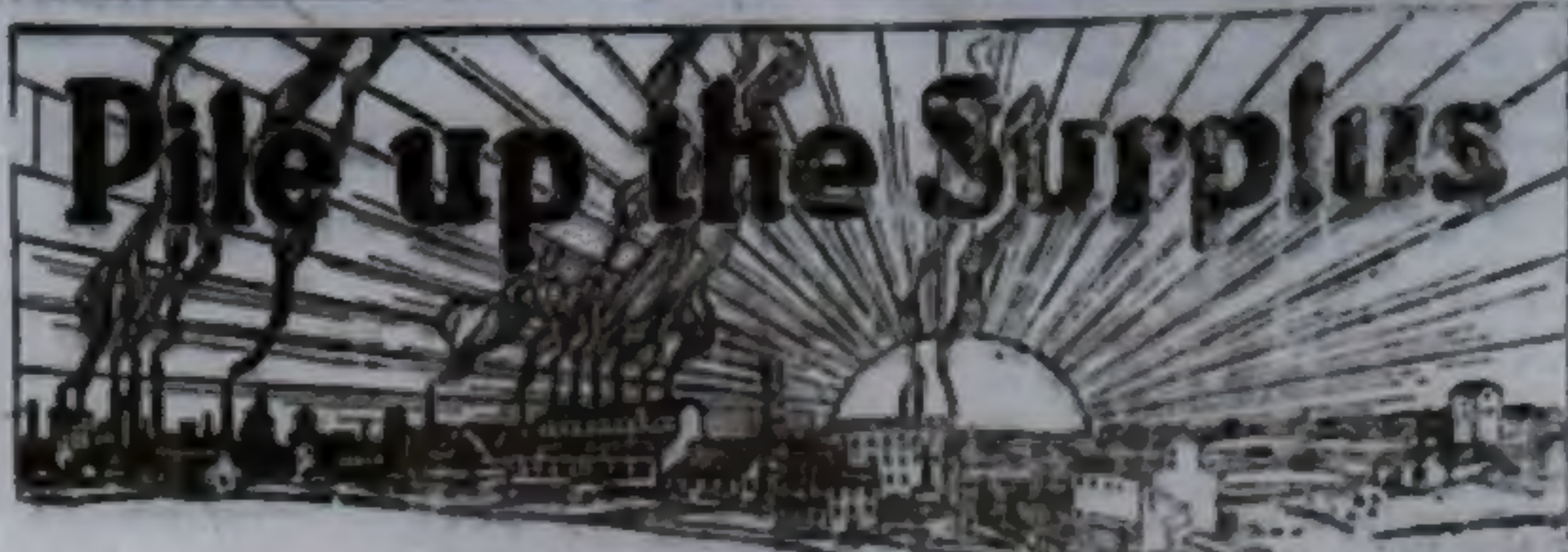
The next crisis was pronounced by the failure of the British War Office to provide the army in the field with munitions. It appeared that Kitchener had not about the production of shells and had neglected high explosives. The Germans, on the other hand, were well supplied with high-explosive shells. The London Times took the matter up and the result was a sensation in England that had not been equalled since the story of the retreat from Mons. The agitation resulted in a demand for a Minister to take from Kitchener's shoulders all responsibility for the manufacture and delivery of munitions. Lloyd George was appointed and he went about his new job with the wonderful energy and enthusiasm that characterized everything he does. He practically scrapped the old system of manufacture and introduced a new one. Perhaps he never worked harder in his life than in the months in which he was directing the munitions industry of the British Isles, and perhaps he never worked so effectively.

His problem as Minister of Munitions is cited as Crisis No. 2, although it did not lead to political controversy, like those which succeeded it. Nevertheless, it was a test of his abilities as great as any he ever underwent and again he proved equal to all demands. The next crisis was found in the political turmoil which led to Asquith's resignation, and led to Lloyd George, being called to what the Times properly called "the most important and most difficult post in the whole world," the Premiership of Great Britain. His first speech was a notable one, and was construed as a rebuke to the pacifists and the so-called "cocoa press," led by the London News, which always has its ear to the ground when the word "peace" is mentioned. In the course of this speech he remarked that for the allies to go into a peace conference with Germany proclaiming her self victorious would be to put their heads in a noose and leave the rope in Germany's hands.

It was then he called his colors to the mast and asserted that the only peace terms were "complete restoration, full reparation and guarantees against repetition." After the disaster to the Italian armistice in the fall of 1917, Lloyd George attended a conference of allied leaders in Italy, and on his way home stopped at Paris long enough to make a speech which produced a profound sensation. He dwelt upon the failure of the Entente Powers, and urged a single command for the allies. His speech was bitterly received in England, as a matter of fact, British generals. It was felt that Lloyd George could not be so far from the front as to neglect the duties of a statesman. But he carried Parliament with him. But he did not retreat a single word. Later on the resignation of Sir William Robertson, one of the most trusted of British soldiers, created another crisis. This too, Lloyd George faced and surmounted, as the Commons and the country as well, stood by him. So it has been with the maritime affair. So it may be with Ireland.

Good Will is Valuable.

Good will appears to be a valuable property in Grimsby. The Grimsby Daily Mail, a newspaper, published in England and Grimsby, and which has been under American ownership, has been sold to a Grimsby scheme. The purchase price was \$150,000, of which \$111,000 was in good will. This paper has a circulation of about 600 a day for the English edition, and 2,000 for the Grimsby edition.



Pile up the Surplus

To win this war every ounce of the strength of each of the allied nations must be put forth to meet the organized, trained and disciplined efficiency of the Central Powers—that gigantic, ruthless force which is the result of fifty years of planning and preparation.

And every ounce of every allied nation's strength is in the hands and brains and hearts of the individuals of each nation, because they are free peoples.

Now the individuals of each nation must live as well as fight, therefore a proportion of the effort and material of each nation must be diverted from war purposes to living necessities.

So the less each individual takes for himself or herself for personal use the more effort will there be left for fighting and winning the war.

Every cent you spend represents that much effort because somebody must do something for you in order to earn that cent—somebody's effort must be given to you instead of to the war.

Therefore the less you spend—the less of somebody's effort you take for your individual use—the more will you leave in the national surplus for war effort.

The war can be won only by the surplus strength of the allied nations. The money each individual saves represents that surplus strength.

So the truly loyal Canadian will use less, spend less, and save more, to help to win the war.

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